

# HANNIBAL DAILY JOURNAL.

TERMS OF THE DAILY JOURNAL.

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O. CLEMENS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

## TERMS OF ADVERTISING

IN THE DAILY JOURNAL.

First insertion, Five Cents a Line;  
Each Insertion afterwards, Two and a Half Cents a line.

Advertisements will be published from six to twelve days at Two Cents a Line for each insertion, including the first.

Three establishments for the retailing of liquor have been closed since the passage of the recent ordinance regulating the traffic in ardent spirits. As it seems to work so well, we trust the Council will make no alterations or amendments of the ordinance.

The *Jocanie Deans* came up this morning at half past six o'clock—the quickest trip yet.

ROMANTIC.—We published a short time since, the marriage of a couple whose ages are respectively 74 and 73 years. They were lovers in the heyday of youth, and a matrimonial connection was then prevented by parental authority. They have each been married, and each lost a partner by death. The frosts of time have failed to chill the affections of their hearts, and with the weight of years upon them, they have now come together to fulfil the vows of their early years.—[Springfield Republican.]

The parents of those two persons are accountable for fifty years of unhappiness, which they took away entirely, and which cannot be restored during the few years of life left to the young couple.

For the Journal.

## ARGUMENT FOR DRINKING.

Now, I ax you, fellers, who's the best citizen—him what supports government, or him as doesn't? Why, him as does, in course.

We support Government; every one as drinks supports Government—that is, if he lickers at a licensed house. Every blessed drop of licker that he swallows *thar*, is taxed to pay the salaries of them ar great officers, such as Mayors and Corporationers, Councilmen and Recorders, Town Constables and gentlemen lawyers.

'Spese we was to quit drink—why, Government must fall; it couldn't help it, no how.—That's the very reason I drinks. I don't like grog—I mortally hate it. If I follered my own inclination, I'd rather drink butter-milk, or ginger-beer, or Billy Mac's soda water. But I lickers for the good of my country, to set an example of patriotism and virtuous self-denial to the rizin' generation.

## THE DOOMED CONVICT.

The Rev. Mr. Armstrong of the Methodist Church is in attendance upon Anson Vanzandt, otherwise known as Dodge, and Father Fisher is regular in his visits to the condemned cell of Scholer alias Shawney. On Sunday last several young ladies accompanied Mr. Armstrong to Dodge's cell and passed part of the time in singing hymns, in which Dodge joined.

Dodge has written two letters, one to his brother and the other to his wife. A man acquainted with him, who visited his cell a few days since, promised to take these letters to his home, but as they are still in the hands of Mr. Musick, the deputy jailor, uncalled for, the probability is they will never reach their intended destination unless forwarded by mail.—In the letter to his brother he begs him and his wife to remain faithful to the Church (meaning the Methodist), and says I wish I had repented before it was too late. He states he is prepared to die and not afraid, and begs him repeatedly to write to his father to get up a petition for a postponement of the day of execution, as in that event his pardon may possibly follow.

The letter to his wife commences abruptly with the terrible announcement thus—"I take up my pen in hand to write you that I am to be hung on the 1st of June." He tells her that he is innocent of the crime for which he is to perish; that he has been a great sinner, but hopes to come to Christ yet; desires her to hold fast by her church; informs her that his lawyer has sent on to Washington for a postponement of the execution, but does not hope for a pardon; and wishes her to come out here to see him, or he will never see her again. The whole is very terrible and in no part more so than in this profession of innocence, where no doubt exists of his guilt.—[St. Louis Dem.]

A great indignation meeting was held at Norwalk in regard to the late accident. A memorial to the legislature was adopted, calling for prompt action in order to procure the safety of passengers.

For the Daily Journal.

Ms. Editor:

Several articles have recently appeared in the Daily Journal, over the signature of "Rambler" (truly appropriate).

It is really amusing to every intelligent and intellectual mind, to see how consequential some coxcombs are. The parlor is too remote a place, and not conspicuous enough to reveal the overflowing affections of the H-e-a-r-t. In (yes too obscure) the columns of the public presses are resorted to, by the venerable writer, as being in keeping, with, and a more appropriate way of infusing the sentiments of an all loving h-e-a-r-t into the mind of one of the Misses of the city of Hannibal, from the tone of the above writer. It is desired, that the world should awake from its slumbers, and learn that there is one loving heart extant. "Vanity of Vanities!" such may be the custom from whence he hails, but I can assure Mr. "Rambler," that the above course will never win the affections and admiration of the young Misses in this latitude; such a course is not congenial to their nature.

PETER PENCILCASE'S SON,

JOHN SNOOKS.

Hannibal, May 12, 1853.

Correspondence of the Evening News.

Emigration.—The *Ferriss*—A bad accident—New Settlers, etc.

St. JOSEPH, Mo., May 5th, 1853.

Ms. Editor:

Since my last, nothing of much interest has transpired. For the last two weeks the roads leading to the city have been thronged with emigrant wagons, droves of sheep, cattle and horses, and our streets have been sometimes so crowded that it was with difficulty you could get along the sidewalks of the principal thoroughfares. A good many have come by boats also, but the emigration so far, is not as large as that of last year, by one half. I noticed to-day a number (say 100) very fine horses, which I understood were brought from St. Louis, on their way to the ferry. They were generally in good order, and I have no doubt they will bring a good price in California.

I think the greater part of the wagons have crossed the river. Two flat-boats have been constantly engaged, and were not sufficient. The steamer *Alton* took advantage of the opportunity, and ferried for three or four days, and then left for St. Louis. There is a ferry about four miles above which has also been kept busy, and another eight miles above by land, has crossed a great many. I learned to-day that a sad and fatal accident occurred at the latter ferry (Savannah Landing,) on yesterday. In consequence of some bad management, and rumor says because of the hands having drunk too freely, the boat was sunk while crossing, and six men and ten yoke of oxen were drowned. Three other persons who went upon the boat at the time, swam ashore.

The river has been high for several weeks, and is again rising fast. It has been raining hard here almost daily for the last three weeks, and instead of the fine weather and roads which we enjoyed a short time since, we have cold east winds, and an abundance of mud, which is, by the way, one of the natural productions of this fertile region during the rainy season.

Our Railroad board meets on the 10th inst., when contracts will be let, and the work commenced in good earnest. This enterprise, along with the rich lands through which it passes, is attracting great numbers of good, substantial farmers from the older States, who will make quite an acceptable acquisition to our population.

Washington, May 10.

The Union referring to the recent statement in regard to the Sandwich islands and French government, which appeared in the Providence Journal, thinks them true in the main, though false in some details, and says that under no circumstances can this government suffer the dominion of the Sandwich Islands to be transferred to any other power.

## Additional Particulars of Collision.

The accident which occurred on the Erie railroad last night, was caused by the issuing of a new time table, furnishing only one conductor with it. The collision is described as most frightful—the engine was completely demolished—one passenger car driven half through another. Farrel O'Garraon, brakeman of the up train, had his right leg cut off and the other dreadfully crushed—he will die. Jas. H. Van Vleet, brakeman of the passenger train, had one thigh broken, the other crushed—his recovery is very doubtful. Henry J. Griffin, brakeman of the emigrant train, had his left leg broken; J. W. Orsard, baggage master of the Erie express train, hurt; a passenger, unknown, had his leg broken; many others terribly cut and bruised by being thrown among the wreck.

## Battle Between a Small Sword and Broom.

A fencing master arrived in Boston about the year 1680, and loudly vaunting on his unequalled skill with swords, concluded to dazzle the eyes of the Yankees with his stage style of strutting, and for this purpose erected an elevated platform at the head of State street, in front of the town house, where he paraded, sword in hand, for three days, publicly challenging all creation for a trial of his skill.

At this time, three of the English judges who signed the death-warrant of Charles I. in England, had escaped to Boston, and were concealed and protected by the people of this State and Connecticut—Gen. Wm. Goffe, Edward Whalley and Col. John Dixwell, for whom, dead or alive, Parliament offered \$100 each.

Our fencing master made so great a stir among the people, that it soon reached the ears of Goffe, who was concealed in or about the woods of Hadley, when he came to Boston and faced the braggart with a birch broom for a weapon, and a white oak cheese, around which he had a napkin cloth, through which he thrust his arm, for a shield; after he had well soaked his broom in a mud puddle, he mounted the public platform for battle. The gladiator ordered him off the stage in a contemptuous manner, but Goffe moved not. The challenger of the champion became wrathful; he made a pass at Goffe with his sword, which was neatly parried, and then commenced the battle.

After a few well parried thrusts, the cheese received a home lunge, when Goffe, with the broom, painted the gentleman's mouth with a dirty pair of whiskers; during the enactment of this troglodytic battle, the people had assembled from all quarters, and rent the air with shouts and hurrahs, for the greatest of all fencing masters had found even more than his match. When that part of his face was well smeared, the sword was withdrawn; but unluckily for the great fencer, after a few more fiercely directed thrusts, his sword again got stuck in the immortal cheese. Amid the deafening shouts of the multitude, Goffe raised his birch broom to his eyes and gave them a Quixotic daub; as soon as the sword was withdrawn and a few more thrusts were made, the cheese again sheathed its point, and then his whole face was besmeared with the dirty puddle water from the broom; and the hurrahs and shouts for the old cheese were irresistible side-painers. The swordsman, on the third time unsheathing his deadly instrument, laid by the tiny blade, and grasping a broadsword, was attacking Goffe with furious temperament, when he cried out,

"Stop, sir! Hitherto, you see, I have only played with you, and have not attempted to hurt you; but if you come at me with a broadsword, know that I certainly will take your life."

The firmness with which this was spoken, disarmed the gladiator of his courage, who, horror-struck, exclaimed:

"Who can you be? You are either Goffe, Whalley or the devil! for there was no other man in England that could boast me."

Goffe immediately left the field of combat, amidst shouts of applause from the spectators; and the great swordsman, bidding adieu to all his greatness and occupation in these parts, slunk into obscurity, with the chagrin of a defeated braggart charlatan.

## President Pierce.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial says:

"The President, it is said, does not mean to confer office on any of his relations. The stories of his declining health are unfounded. He looks quite well, and is active and elastic. While in church (he attends the New School Presbyterian twice on the Sabbath,) his countenance is fixed, pale and thoughtful, as with the associations of the place were entwined the image of his lost son. In his office, dealing with all sorts of men, all his powers are called into activity, and looks like a different sort of a man, though the "weight of that huge grief" still presses on his heart. Never was a man so beleaguered by office-seekers. But he can smile a refusal with an exemplary, urbane and unchangeable decision. He has Mr. Fillmore's Irish porter at the gate of the palace, and his English ante-chamber usher, relieved by the proximity of his own orderly sergeant, a model of a military and civil man, possessing a good share of the courtesy of his chief."

INQUEST No. 94.—Held yesterday afternoon at Filley's Foundry, on Main street above O'Fallon, on the body of Edward Hennessey. He had been employed at Filley's Foundry as a laborer, and was very dissipated for some time past; he had been under the influence of liquor since last Friday night. About midnight on Monday he left his house and was not seen again until yesterday morning, when he was found dead in the cellar under the foundry.—When found he was sitting on some castings with his head leaning against a barrel. He leaves a wife—was 35 years old. Verdict—came to his death by intemperance and exposure. Louis Intelligencer.

## TEMPERANCE AMONG THE CHOCTAWS.

Temperance has made greater progress among the Choctaws than among their white neighbors. No person is permitted to bring any whisky or other ardent spirits into the nation; and if any one offends against the law, his whisky property is to be destroyed by the light-horsemen, of any one of them; and the captains and warriors of the several districts are required to exercise the duties of light-horsemen in this business; they are empowered to search any person's house or dwelling, wagon, boat, pack-horse, or any person's bag or saddle-bags, where they may have good reason or evidence to suspect any intoxicating liquors to be concealed, and destroy the same with the vessel containing it. And they have no difficulty in sustaining the law; it is carried out to the letter. Verily the Choctaws are worthy of more honor than some of their white neighbors.—[New York Organ.]

## PRAYER FOR THE MILLION.

God of the mountain, God of the storm,  
God of the flowers, God of the worm!  
Hear us and bless us,  
Forgive us, redress us;  
Breathe on our spirits Thy love and Thy healing;  
Teach us content with Thy fatherly dealing;  
Teach us to love Thee,  
To love one another, brother his brother,  
And make us all free—  
Free from the shackles of ancient Tradition;  
And show us 'tis manly, 'tis god-like to labor!

God of the darkness, God of the sun,  
God of the beautiful, God of each one—  
Clothe us and feed us,  
Illumine us and lead us!  
Show us that avarice holds us in thrall—  
That the land is all Thine, and Thou givest to all.

Scatter our blindness,  
Help us to do right all the day and the night—  
To love mercy and kindness;  
Aid us to conquer mistakes of the past;  
Show us our future to cheer us and arm us,  
The upper, the better, the mansion Thou hast;  
And God of the grave, that the grave cannot harm us.

New York, May 10.

The Herald reports John Hastings appointed Surveyor of Pittsburgh.

## ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

The emigrant train and New York express train from Dunkirk, came in collision last evening, on Ramapo branch of the Erie road. Four brakemen were seriously injured. None of the passengers hurt. The locomotive and baggage car were smashed. It is reported that the emigrant train left the depot an hour and a half before the time.

The steamer *Genoa*, the first of the new line between Liverpool and Quebec arrived this morning at Quebec, in twenty days.

The steamer *Julia Dean* sunk on the 30th, about twelve miles below Pocacontas, Arkansas, by striking on a rock or stump. She struck under the forward hatch, and broke her timbers to the after end of her boilers. She sunk in ten or fifteen minutes to within one foot or eighteen inches of the deck—is nearly level, and may be raised.—[Repub.]

WE are sorry to find an account of some very "ugly doings" in the new and flourishing Territory of Minnesota, in the *Minnesotian* of the 7th of May. It is as follows:

EXCITEMENT AT TRAVERSE.—As the West Newton passed Traverse des Sioux, on Tuesday morning, the populace were in great excitement. The cause and subsequent proceedings, as nearly as we could gather from the best authority, were briefly as follows:

A man named Star had made a bona fide claim last year, and afterwards went below, where he was detained by sickness until recently. During the winter his claim was "jumped" by two brothers named Kingsley. On Monday last, Star, backed by a large majority of the settlers, proceeded to demand an evacuation of his claim, when he was fired upon by one of the Kingsleys, the full charge of shot from a gun striking him in the abdomen, but it is thought not mortally wounding him. The settlers then turned out en masse, surrounded the Kingsleys' cabin, took them prisoners, and burned the house. They held their prisoners secure until nine or ten o'clock in the evening, waiting for the West Newton to come down, that they might send them to St. Paul to be lodged in jail. The boat not appearing, the exasperation of the crowd increased to such a pitch that their victims were tied up and lynched till they begged to be shot as a relief to their torture. They were let off with the understanding that they were to leave the place forthwith. It is stated to us by some of the most influential citizens of Traverse, that Israel Fuller and Capt. W. B. Dodd were instigators to the claim jumping business on the part of the Kingsleys, and that nothing short of their permanent absence, also, from that part of the country, will appease the irritated feelings of the settlers. Dodd was not there at the time, being out locating a road, but Fuller had warning to quit. We deeply deprecate the professed apparent necessity for these scenes of violence, and hope our Traverse friends will hereafter be able to settle their neighborhood difficulties according to law. We simply state the facts as they corresponded to us, presuming our faithful correspondent at that point will give particulars in time for our use.